

Star Wars Rebels: A Padawan's Remorse

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Summary: After the events on Malachor, Ezra is filled with guilt about what transpired. Alone with his thoughts, the young padawan begins to enter a depressive state.

1. Chapter 1

Author's notes: I have never written a fanfic before, so I apologize in advance if it's not up to par with some of the other stories here. A close friend gave me the push to try writing, so a very special thanks goes to her.

There will be some Ezrabine, but only by mention.

There will be another chapter in a few days. :)

-Garyn

Being small certainly had its advantages. It helped Ezra sneak into places that was blocked off or that the crew needed something from. It was moreso helpful now as Ezra hid in a part of the Ghost that he knew he wouldn't be found in. Despite hiding, he could still feel Kanan trying to reach out to him via the force. That was the only down side of the force, you couldn't really hide from people. Well, you could, but Ezra wasn't sure how to do that. He only felt more grief as he continued to block out the man who he considered a father. Thinking back to when they first met, Ezra allowed a small smile to form. Kanan was pissed, and confused as to who he was and why he was messing with their shipment, which was really the Empire's. After the fact, the situation was hilarious. You have a precise, planned action from a group of people to steal from the Empire, and they are quickly thwarted by a 15 year old boy who just happened to jump in at the right time.

Ezra's thoughts drifted back to the recent events on Malachor, and his little bit of happiness from the memories vanished as the grief returned, this time even worse. How could he have trusted Maul so

easily? How could he have been so stupid? He spent years on the streets, alone, and learning not to trust people. How in the force could he have forgotten that and trusted Maul? Oh right, the Ghost crew. All of them, even Chopper, had managed to break through Ezra's defenses, get him to lower his shield, and open up to them. It was honestly the best thing to ever happen to Ezra. He went from being an orphan who lived on the streets to an adopted family member. It still amazed Ezra just how close the entire crew was. He never would've expected this looking in from the outside. As close as he was with Kanan and Hera, who had become like his parents, there was one person on the crew he had a deep love for. That person just so happened to love spray painting graffiti on Imperial installations and ships...like the Tie Fighter. This elicited a laugh from Ezra. Sabine loved painting that thing, while Hera and Kanan were furious that they had kept it. Fortunately for Ezra, the Tie ended up being useful.

A thought that Ezra kept having was, what if, instead of Kanan who had been badly injured, it was Sabine? Ezra felt bad enough as it was, but if it had been Sabine that got permanently injured, he would be so far distraught and gone he doubted he'd be able to continue fighting. The day he met Sabine, the first time she took off her helmet, he was in love with her. Granted, it was just her beauty he loved at first, but over time and conversations with her, his heart had become hers. In the beginning she laughed off his attempts, but Ezra could've sworn that Sabine had changed, if not slightly, with his attempts. She still laughed them off, but it felt like the laughs were forced, as if she was trying to put on a front to hide her real emotions. That wouldn't surprise Ezra at all. Out of all the crew members, even Kanan, Sabine was more closed off. Thankfully, they had shared some special moments, like when Ezra was allowed in her room and helped her paint, but she was still reserved. He understood why she was this way, but he didn't like it. He wanted Sabine to open up, at least to him. Maybe then she would actually start taking him seriously as a possible boyfriend.

Ha! Who was he kidding? Ezra was the reason Kanan was blinded, he was the reason Hera's not so secret boyfriend was now permanently injured. Hera would never forgive him, and chances are, neither would Sabine. Yes, they say "it's not your fault", but it is. Ezra trusted the Sith. Kanan and Ahsoka didn't, and kept warning him, but stubborn Ezra was hell bent on believing someone was wanting to help them. 'Why am I so trusting despite my past? Why wasn't I more cautious?' Ezra put his hands on his head as tears fell from his eyes. 'Why didn't the force warn me? It's supposed to help me! It's supposed to warn me of danger!' Ezra wanted to just cry out, but he didn't want the crew to find him, so he just quietly cried. 'Maybe everything was my fault. The Empire only came to my home because I was force sensitive. My parents death...is on me. Ahsoka's death on me. Kanan's blindness is on me.' Ezra wanted to run away, he wanted to hide and prevent more death as a result of his...actions? No, as a result of his birth. 'Death and tragedy follow me. Maybe I was just born as a warning that if I'm around, something bad will happen. Maybe Maul was right.' But he was a Sith, he couldn't be right. Could he?

Whether or not Maul had been right, one thing was for sure. Ezra had caused this. If he had listened to Kanan and Ahsoka, she would be alive, and he'd be able to see the woman he loved and the padawan he considered a son. 'I failed Kanan as a padawan.' He thought. Padawans

were supposed to learn from their masters, help their masters, and enforce the Jedi way. Ezra did the exact opposite. He didn't learn, he didn't help, and he didn't enforce the Jedi way. He HELPED a Sith to put forth his evil plans. He HELPED the Sith to injure Kanan (albeit not directly). This wasn't something the crew, the Jedi, or the Rebellion would ever forgive. It certainly wasn't something Ezra would ever forgive himself over. He wasn't worthy of being a Jedi, he wasn't worthy of his new family, and he wasn't worthy of Sabine's love.

2. Chapter 2

Author's notes: Hello again! I was very surprised and happy with the positive responses I received to the first chapter. It is for that reason I think I am going to attempt another story. No promises, as I don't even have an idea for it yet. We'll see! Unfortunately, this will be the final chapter of this story.

We don't know if Ezra's parents are force sensitive, or if it was one of his grandparents, but for the sake of what I have planned, I am going to have Ezra's grandfather be force sensitive. You'll see the reasoning behind this as you read.

As always, constructive criticism is welcome!

-Garyn

p.s.

Sorry for the reupload. There was a small error that was overlooked.

Kanan had stopped his attempts to reach Ezra through the force, which he was thankful for. Ezra hated keeping Kanan at arm's length, but he couldn't look at him. The sight of Kanan's injuries, even bandaged, made Ezra even more guilty and want to be sick that this was a direct result of his actions. The more he thought about Kanan's injuries and how it happened, the more Ezra remembered past events where he put someone's life at risk, willingly or unwillingly. Tseebo was the first to come to mind. Tseebo had risked his safety for Ezra in order to keep a promise to his parents. Yes, it was out of Ezra's control, but he still felt guilty. Him living is what put Tseebo in danger. Him living is why Tseebo now had to live underground, hiding away from the Imperials that searched for him. Ezra figured Tseebo would try to tell him otherwise, that he was happy to protect Ezra, but that couldn't be true. How could you be happy protecting some kid, putting your life on the line for them? 'Oh right. That's essentially what we do now.' Ezra was answering his own question, but it didn't help. This was different. Ezra and the crew were willingly fighting, willingly putting their lives at risk. Tseebo didn't volunteer. He didn't raise his hand and say he'd be honored.

-Flash back to the day before Ezra's parents were taken-

"What do you mean leave?" Ephraim asked, looking at his wife. Ephraim didn't understand Mira's sudden concern considering they had done everything possible to keep their location secret.

"We knew doing these broadcasts that we may eventually be found.

Ryder even warned me the day may come where we'd have to flee Lothal. We are not invisible as we hope to be, Ephraim. We've used our real names on these broadcasts simply because we thought our location was safe. Ben told me earlier that a mistake was made, and our location may be compromised." Mira had already started packing her things, moving faster than she ever had.

Ephraim sighed, gently grabbing his wife into a hug. "We have rights, Mira. We have the right to speak out and speak our minds. They can't hold that against us."

Mira shook her head. "This is the Empire. They have killed simply because someone looked at them wrong. I'm not concerned about our safety, I could care less about me. It's Ezra I'm worried about. If they take all of us, they will find out he is force sensitive. My father told me time and time again growing up that anyone with the force always had to watch their back. Back then it was true, but now? Now it's way of life for anyone who isn't a Sith. Ezra may not be a Jedi, but he is still force sensitive. They will take him, and either turn him into a Sith, or kill him for being the grandson of a Jedi."

Ephraim kissed Mira softly. "I understand your concern, sweetie, but we are safe. One little mistake doesn't mean they will be able to find us. I'm confident in Ben's abilities. Please, just stop packing and come to bed."

Mira still wasn't convinced, but she knew she was working herself up over possibly nothing. She sighed, resting against Ephraim. "Alright. We need to start working on the speech for our next broadcast first thing tomorrow."

Ephraim and Mira had never known that little Ezra had been right outside their room, listening. He didn't understand any of what they were talking about, but he knew something was wrong.

Meanwhile, in the city, the Imperials had their targets. Ephraim and Mira Bridger.

-Flash back end-

It was a conversation that will stick with Ezra forever, as he now fully understood what his parent's meant. Anyone who was a force user had a target on their head, and anyone associated with them would die. Ezra just hadn't realized that HE would be the reason a friend lost their life, and another lost his eyesight. Ezra began shaking as he thought about it, tears still falling from an endless source. He would never be able to look at Kanan again without feeling guilt, and he could only imagine Hera looking at him with anger for what happened. Hera was normally the sweetest out of all the crew, but mess with someone she loves or her family, and she would be worse than a Rancor. Ezra smiled slightly thinking about it. Even the mighty Zeb backed down when Hera was mad.

Considering he had lost his first family, Ezra didn't understand why he had helped to almost lose another part of his new family. Despite hesitation, Kanan still agreed to take him in and train him, and this was his thanks? How could Ezra do that? How could he allow himself to help hurt his family. Ezra hugged himself, burying his face into his knees. What he needed right now, what he so desperately desired, was

Sabine's embrace. He wanted her to just be here with him. She didn't have to say anything, just hug him and let him know she was there. He knew he could just go to her room and ask her for help, but he didn't want to see anyone else right now. He didn't want Hera trying to find out what was wrong, he didn't want Kanan trying to find out, and he didn't want Zeb asking, although Zeb was smart enough to know when to just keep quiet. It was probably for the best he didn't know where Sabine was. He wasn't even sure if she would try to console him. Lately Ezra was confused as to where they stood, if she was even interested. At times it seemed like she was, then other times not. 'Why did women have to be so confusing?'

Sighing slowly, Ezra squeezed his hand into a fist. What he was certain of, this situation was on him. The time they had spent fighting the Empire meant nothing now, as he had inadvertently betrayed his family. He didn't know what would happen next, or even if he would ever want to look them in the eyes again, but he knew he couldn't just give up. His parents had risked everything for him. Even locked up in prison they still fought for freedom, and they died helping others escape. It would be a slap in their face for Ezra to just give up now. It would be a slap in the face to Tseebo. It would be a slap in the face to his new family who relied and depended on him for missions. Finally, it would be a slap in the face to Ahsoka, who gave her life in order for them to escape. He wouldn't let the memory of those who had fallen be in vain. He would keep fighting, and he would try to make it up to Kanan. First, however, he needed to plan out his new lightsaber.

End
file.